PUBLICATIONS.

The second of th

NEW BOOKS. A Strange and Fervid Tale.

We must admire with no little admiration sumptuous setting provided for the irst appearance of Lalage in Berthe St. uz's story of "Black Butterflies" (R. F. enno & Co.). A long and broad column rimson and golden sunshine beautifully invades the room in the fine house in India and enables us to see everything very The polished floor is rug strewn. A huge brass jar with a wide mouth is crowded with blood red roses. Said roses group dejectedly from their thorny stems and the aforesaid sunshine flecks them with radiant dots. Lalage lifts her eyes (see frontispiece) to a portrait of a gentlean of 60 hanging over the mantelpiece This was Lalage's husband. The sunshine glints boldly about the pictured face. It also dapples the dusty, gilt lettered volumes arranged methodically on the book shelves. There is much for the sunshine to do in this luxurious abode. It is a very busy sunshine. Sometimes it is audacious. We find it "taking unwonted liberties with the nude charms of a marble, vine wreathed Bacchante, anon dipping roguishly into Daphne's daintily carved bosom in a vain ndeavor to further explore her hidden loveliness." Ugliness as well as beauty ay count upon its desirable and lively avors; it dances "prankishly, with auacious disregard for either reverence or dignity, about a hideous bronze snub-need, scowling image of Buddha flanked a pair of squat, sardonic looking idols. last it goes about the most charming art of its business. Prowling, it "searches e dim space and purpling shadows to ach, touch Lalage's head, entangling self within the mazy, loose abundance

Notwithstanding all these beautiful mats round about her, Lalage was in a melanoly frame of mind. Presently she began thoughtful toying with the massive wedting ring on her finger. Leaving her thus ployed our author considers the dull, gray word "duty." Upon what a cheerunpleasant path it leads us, she exaims. How the path blisters the feet of v conscience stricken creature. To our stretch cool green fields. Tall gracetrees shade the same. The trees are lowed down by the weight of their luscious ruits. These fruits, how pleasant to the ye and sweet to the taste. A few steps ill take us to them. But we must stay the rough and barren path. "Yea! whilst he hot, dry wind blows out of the south. rching our aching brow and trembling imbs." We lag. We protest against fate. mutter, we rebel, we sink fainting. conscience prods us on. Duty drags from our desires. Not now the luscious uit. By and by, perhaps.

Lalage tore the ring from her finger and

hair, tipping each wayward tress into

irradiant blaze of glory." This and siderable else the sunshine does in a

gle sentence in the story. We have

stured to cut our record of its activities

n into somewhat shorter lengths.

ing it far across the sward. "Its rapid ansit beneath the hot noon sun." called oth the appearance of "a brazen crescent udded with a thousand scintillating stars, descended in a rhodendron bush, which fectivally extinguished it glitter. Lalage, absently smiling bitterly," rubbed the mancipated finger. She leaned against e window casement and watched the sun nmer on a tamarind tree. A moment ore she had looked in the mirror and narked how the somber hue of her ourning garb enhanced the creamy hiteness of her neck. A noise atacted her attention —a sudden babel the voices of birds. She turned to a dcage of large dimensions in a corner f the room and flung open its door. "Nuerous gorgeous tropical birds, the pride her heart," her pets, flew forth, and after cling about for a while, "forming bright tches of color against the azure sky." anished with joyous and discordant cries a convenient jungle. "Free, free, free!" murmured as the last of the birds, ection of Simla.

Lalage was celebrating her new widow good. She was fearfully beautiful. The tory says of her, just after she had liberated he birds: "Quietly, with every turn and vement suggesting the lithe, supple race of a young leopardess, back and forth she sweeps aimlessly. Lalage has a tremerlous stride, owing to her athletic build and emarkable length of limb. Beautiful, o-fearfully beautiful in her rounded mmetry of shape. Tall, straight as a ycamore, combined with the rare stately diancy of the palm. And those long, neasured masculine steps became her eyally." She repented presently of her diadness because her husband was dead. demorse swept her soul. Her conscience rose specterlike. A sob burst convulevely from her distorted lips. She recalled indnesses of his. He had smoothed her tillow once when she had fever. How could he have been glad? "Oh, that generous ove! How cruelly had she repudiated, vantonly tossed it aside as so much dross. and then, too, his age, which she had hitherto considered so extreme, seemed essened, for surely 60 and 24 is not such a vast disparity after all."

Alas! the departed one was not worthy these generous thoughts, "for a more vie, graceless old individual never breathed," than this mate whom she now enthroped and bedewed with tears. But sush! The slender moonbeams are creeping timidly in, accompanied by a soft moist hight wind mingled with the sweet, heavy odor of rhododendrons. The beams hover a silvery radiance over the empty cage nd the forlorn figure of Lalage lying face downward on the polished rug strewn floor. It says so in the story. Let us

respect the situation. From Lalage temporarily prostrate in her superb Indian home the story transports us to the Egyptian city of Alexandria, where we see the nations mingling in the pestionable enjoyment of life in a café. The lovely, girlish prima donna is to be observed through a cloud of tobacco smoke. At one table Erlynde, the wholesome young Englishman, drinks champagne with his friend Emoclew. Emoclew "usually com-bines the wit and pathos of Dickens with Thackeray's dry, crisp cynicism," but just now he is thoughtful. A handsome blackbrowed woman sits companionably another table with a Portuguese sailor at tears gold hoops in his ears. Two warthy Spaniards drink the good red ine of their country a little further along. hey are growing noisy and thump the able. Enter a number of American sailors from a newly arrived battleship, one of them, "a fine straight limbed young fellow of the American type, with strong, clear cut features, finely ourved neck and throat, splendid herculean shoulders and the free, rolling steps of the mariner," The orders beer for the crowd. As they

Spangled Banner." A sharp hiss from the Spaniards greets this music, but no notice is taken of it. One of a group of English tourists dis-Up springs the handsome young American to Lail had a territory of his being it the West, but that i has been kept up

come in the band strikes up "The Star

sailor, "an expression of amazed horror upon his youthful face." He strides toward the speaker. He begs pardon and asks to be informed regarding what he has just

"Ah," says the Englishman, with a glance of sympathy, "I understand. You have just anchored. The news here is already one week old. Yes, the assassin's bullet has, I am sorry to say, robbed the world of her greatest modern statesman; a second Napoleon, yet with cleaner, purer morals America loved and was exceedingly proud of her late ruler; with just cause, too. I can't find words suitable to properly express my admiration and esteem for William McKinley. God bless him!"

The young sailor "in mute gratitude clasps and wrings the speaker's hand. Great tears have filled his dauntless eyes.' The author pauses at this point to offer a direct tribute of her own. It begins "Hail to you, William McKinley!" would gladly quote it if it were shorter. It is eloquent, but, we grieve to say, a little tangled in its grammar. Its spirit is all that could be desired. The Americans. when the young sailor has whispered the news to them, rise and "with sorrow bowed heads file toward the door." At this point "once more, clear, distinct, that snake-like hiss rings out." One of the sailors, a veteran with furrowed brow and grizzled hair, turns and strikes the Spaniard who gave vent to it, "felling him like an ox." As he does this he observes: "Take that, yer hissing sarpent! Lie thar, and be

damned to ver! There is an interesting picture of this patriotic event. The story goes on. It has something of a mystic quality in places. The dreadful Bhowance, goddess of Thuggeeism, plays a part. There is plenty to keep the reader interested and enthusiastic.

A Gentleman of Ingland. It is provoking that the Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower should have waited till he was 86 years of age before writing his reminiscences in "Bygone Years" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), for his first chapters are charming and show that he could have written memoirs as entertaining, if less sharp tongued, as those of his relatives the Grevilles. His book justifies the existence of the "younger son" who is contented with his lot and chooses to remain a real gentleman of leisure. A very likable and delightful person he must have been in any rank of life, and a thoroughly good fellow he shows himself to be, young and old, among the high and mighty of Queen Victoria's prime, where fate put him.

Mr. Leveson-Gower was born somebody: no mere peer's son, but one of the set that ruled things at court and in public life. His brother was Earl Granville, the Liberal Foreign Minister; his uncle was the magnificent sixth Duke of Devonshire, the last of the British grands seigneurs that dazzled the continent of Europe; his aunt was that Duchess of Sutherland who was Queen Victoria's closest friend. He was related to half the peerage and to nearly all in power for fifty years or more. He was a near friend of Mr. Gladstone to the end. Socially he was asked everywhere and could see ever one. He could have had a distinguished career if he had wished, even with little personal merit. But he himself says that he was indolent; he was content to drift through Eton and Oxford and the Inns of Court and into Parliament, but preferred to take his comfort through life and had no spur to distinguish himself.

His reminiscences are purely social as he says, he can no longer trust his memory for the precise facts needed in political memoirs, while that does not matter much in relating social gossip. It is of people of rank that he speaks and a few celebrities; but that is not out of snobbishness but because they were the only people he was thrown in with. He shows at times that he could be as sharp as Greville in his remarks. He tells a good story of his private tutor: "With the view of giving me a favorable impression of his culture, he used, when we were reading Juvenal together, o say he was reminded of a parallel passage, which he quoted as if from memory. I unfortunately had, unknown to him, the same edition, and perceived from the notes at the bottom of the page whence he derived

his quotation." Of his own college he says: "I cannot call to mind in my time at Christ Church any undergraduate who afterward became a Cabinet Minister or who, with one exception, distinguished himself in any other capacity." The exception was John Ruskin, over whom our author is by no means enthusiastic. "The Dean of Durham tells that by degrees Ruskin formed at Oxford valuable friendships. This was not my impression. He seemed to keep himself aloof from everybody, to seek no friends, and to have none. I never met him in any one else's room, or at any social gathering. see him now, looking rather crazy, taking his solitary walks."

Mr. Leveson-Gower denies that the isolation was due to the social standing of Ruskin's parents. He tells an anecdote, which, if true, gives a more plausible explanation. "Ruskin on one occasion gave a large supper, to which he invited some of the leading undergraduates whom he did not know. His speech on this occasion did not make a favorable impression. He said he could hardly express how much he felt honoured that so many young men who were superior to him socially should have condescended to accept his invitation. This disinclined us to keep up the acquaint-

ance, although we were the losers thereby. The bad impression continued in after life. "I cannot, however, say that I have ever felt the enthusiasm with which Ruskin inspired so many of his contemporaries. No one can fail to admire the beauty and eloquence of his writings and his exquisite drawing. But I have felt great misgiving about the soundness of his judgment." In which, perhaps, Mr.Leveson-Gower is not

He saw Lord Lyndhurst in his old age and despatches him as follows: "He had great charm of manner, and shone in conversation. His principles in early life were lax, both with regard to politics and morality, but attaining a great age, he outlived his early reputation, and ultimately got to be generally described as the venerable Lord Lyndhurst." He disposes of Charles Greville with a neatness that might have made Greville envious.

A good part of the book is made up of three diaries of travel, which though bright enough are not so interesting as the rest. In one there is a brilliant description of a bull fight in a page and a half that is unconsciously an artistic gem. Toward the end M. Leveson-Gower becomes hurried and often contents himself with hasty allusions and references to well known people, instead of telling about them.

We will quote a couple of stories that show that the author is never wholly flattering: "I was an enthusiastic admirer of Madame Grisi, and I was delighted at being invited after a concert given in Paris to remain for supper, at which she was present. But I was rather disenchanted when I saw with what dexterity the divine Norma courses of anarchy, and says, among other contrived to cat her food with her knife things: "I can imagine no deed more instead of her fork." One about Jowett foul, black nor cruel than the recent cow-ardly assassination of President McKinley." 14: y of the pretty seemen whem he invited 16: yef the retry semen whem he invied

love. One day a young lady told him it would make her so happy if he would marry her, upon which he assured her that he was much touched by her proposal, but that he could not entertain it as he had long given up all thoughts of matrimony. She hastened to explain that she was en gaged to some one else, and that she had only ventured to ask him to perform the

He was able in 1880 to draw together to his country house his brother, Earl Granville, Mr. Gladstone, John Bright, the Duke of Argyll and James Russell Lowell. "Mr. Bright disputed with Mr. Lowell as to the correct use of words, and criticized the Americans in this respect. Mr. Lowell, though always gracious, even affectionate, in reference to England, was very touchy about his own country. When Mr. Glad-stone talked to him of his American fellow subjects he resented it and observed: There are no subjects in our country-we are all citizens."

The book is full of good things and interesting people, but its chief charm is in making us acquainted with a bright, aristocratic old gentleman who has taken

Oregonian Sacred Drama.

A decided contribution to the literature of the Pacific Coast has been made by Mr. George L. Hutchins of Portland, Ore., in is historical and romantic drama "Judarael," which he cautiously publishes himself, reserving all rights. The drama is built on the Elizabethan model, with frequent shift of scenes. The author does not offer verse, or a mixture of verse with prose, but uses a lofty poetic prose, with original uses of the English language. It would not be fair to describe the plot, which is based as the name implies, on Biblical incidents. As the author tells us in a preface: "The beautiful story of Judarael is a Hebraic idvl. a classic of sacrosanct worshipers, and is familiar as a household word to those of Palestinian nativity. The story is told in dramatic figure to give it the strongest accentuation known to literature." He adds an interesting chronoogical fact necessary to the understanding of the play. "The Babylonian capivity covers a period of seventy years. As the year of the ancients was only a third as long as the year of latter days, Judarael at the end of his captivity was in the flower of vigorous manhood."

Three great kings are involved in the action of the play, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar and Darius. They employ their undoubted prerogative over language The first, who according to the story is ultimately turned out to grass, when excited exclaims: "I know now for a cerainty thou art mountebanks. Thou art deceivers who would gain time." the villain addresses him thus: "I didst tell thee, oh king." And Darius asks: "Hath the children of Israel no understanding?" The author has devised his scenery

regardless of expense. Act I, Scene 1. The walls of the city crumble beneath the long siege of the Chaldeans." Act II, Scene 2. "Idolatrous image of golden calf revealed upper center of stage by drawing draperies of the King's gorgeous tent. Festival of devotees. Dancing girls bearing palms and floral offerings." Then: Electrical effect-Fiery furnace; captives walking therein unharmed; guards burned to death as they approach furnace to cas therein the prisoners; bodies of guards exposed about the furnace." Act III. Scene 1. "Hanging gardens of Babylon-Umbrageous trees-Bosky Sylvan garnish-Scene 2. "Belshazzar's impious ments." feast; 1,000 governors, nobles, princes, wives, concubines, dancing girls, et al. Draperies reveal the scene as they are drawn." The author leaves little to the stage manager's imagination. The reader may form some idea of the play from the scenario, but dramatic managers are warned that no performance of it can be given without the author's permission in writing.

All is not tragedy and high ideal The author has read his Elizabethans and noted their counterfoil in comic interludes and the slang of the day. His sprightliness is shown in the discussion of the Jonah story between two jovial Hebrew soldiers:

Islachar-Do you believe that the whale swal-Haram Gur-Oh, yes. Jonah was very down in

hoked to death. Islachar-Jonah was the father of all fish stories.

he fish and Jonah? Islachar-I would have to be as big as ten whales before I could swallow all that story, tall and all.

And also in the banter between the hero and the beroine:

Judarael-Ozara, will you bid me hope? Ozara-I must not longer trust my resolution. We will not cross the Jordon till we reach it. I

Judarael-Stayl Ozara-There are other days. Adleu. Where so much is in higher vein, how-

ever, it would be unfair to give no indication of what Mr. Hutchinson can do when he ries. Here is a lyric strain: Judarael-I am loyed that you are happy. The airs of this enchanted garden are heavy with the soft perfumes of Araby to-night, and the languorous lilles and sister roses have each a magic bell

free as falling waters and the soughing winds, and f I were free, Judah, how thy Orlflamme would rise to heights beyond the stars! Salmon canning is not the one ideal on

with fairy hands for clappers. I would that I were free as the flowers to love, free as the airs of heaven,

the banks of the Willamette. Other Books.

Any one who may still be unacquainted with the plot of the Wagnerian trilogy will find the story told by the Rev. Dr. S. Baring-Gould in "Siegfried: A Romance," (L. C. Page & Co., Boston). It is made up from Wagner's books for "Rheingold," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," with some corrections derived from the author's more accurate knowledge of the original sagas. The "Valkyrie," which is turned into a volume by itself in this series of operatio romances, Dr. Baring-Gould dismisses as a slight incident amplified by the composer out of all proportion to the real story. It makes a handsome volume, but is much

larger in bulk than necessary.

Some amusing skits in verse that have appeared from time to time in Life are printed in a small volume, "'If." A Guide to Bad Manners," by James Montgomery Flagg (Life Publishing Company). The jingles are melodious and generally have some point. There is far less vulgarity in them than in the usual forms of modern humor, though the author does not avoid it entirely. The pictures, particularly those that have been properly reduced, are far better than the verses. The larger pictures will instruct learners in the process of drawing illustrations that must be reduced in reproduction, though that object was

probably not aimed at. We remember indistinctly a time when archery was the fashionable sport for men and women, and tennis and golf were unknown, in the United States at least. It must have been after the reign of croquet. We are glad to learn from "How to Train in Archery," by Maurice Thompson and Will H. Thompson CF. I. Horsman Co., New York), not only that the sport is coming into favor once more, perticularly in

KEENE'S MAGIC "KNOWLEDGE." How His Competitors in Wall Street Regard

PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Lawson writes as follows of James R. Keene the September instalment of "Frenzied Finance," in Ererybody's Magazine: "For over a quarter of a century, indeed, James R. Keene has amazed Wall Street by

finite strategy and daring. He has literally played hob with its important institutions and tood its celebrities on their heads. His magic knowledge of inside happenings has made both his followers and his enemies marvel. At intervals it is revealed to Wall Street that some of its great corporations are in trouble, and that, to hide deficiencies in earnings, they have been paying dividends out of capital. Then the stocks f these concerns drop like mercury in a freeze and it leaks out that one man knew the deadly secret weeks and months before the crash. When prices are at the bottom James R. Keene begins prices are at the bottom Salites Arched Course to cover the 'short sales' he had out in preparation for the fall, and his bank account swells plethorically with his profits. If a great defaileation astounds the financial world, it comes to light that Keene has had the news in time to take advantage of it. Indeed, it is a tradition of Wall Street that any clerk or confidential

MR. LAWSON'S TRAP.

How He Spread a Snare for an Offender and Caught James R. Keene.

In "Frenzied Finance," in Everybody's for September, Mr. Lawson describes a crisis in "Standard Oil" history. "We talked it out," he says f a certain baffing situation, "and I left promising to lay a trap which would surely bring home the guilt to the right person. Next day I sent to Mr. Rogers and to Mr. Rockefeller confidential communications in regard to Coppers. They ontained opposite information, and if the con tents of either leaked we should have the culprit. fure enough, next day a transaction occurred on the floor of the Stock Exchange which clearly indicated a knowledge of the statements I had sent William Rockefeller. I followed the clus and was astounded to find it led direct to James R. Keene. At first I concluded I had got twisted. R. Keene. At Irist I considered has got was no escaping the conclusion. It was, indeed, a stop and-think-it-over place. At last Keene had penetrated the 'Standard Oll' citadel and was preying on its choicest secrets. I reported what I had found to Mr. Rogers, who instantly grasped

FICTION FOR EVERYBODY.

Everybody's has not fallen behind its summer sues in the excellence of its fiction, which is contributed this month by such noted authors s Maxim Gorky, the distinguished young Russian novelist and revolutionist, who has written The Song of the Falcon," and by G. B. Lancaster, the writer of New Zealand stories, who contrib utes a wonderful study of Maori boyhood, "The Story of Wi." Lucia Chamberlain is the author of a powerfully individual story of the remote Southwest, "Conners at Shungopovi"; "The Sub narine Destroyer," a story of unusual originality is by Morgan Robertson: "The Lesson," an admirable love story by Mary Manners: Edna Kenton has a charming story of sentiment, "The Incumbrance," and Maravene Kennedy's "The Governor's Niece" is a story of love and politics.

teadily by many respectable peoplethrough all these years It is pleasant to think that good games once established retain their hold on some devotees long after they have dropped out of sight. We are told that exciting croquet contests may be seen in Prospect Park on pleasant days, by any one who cares to stroll to Brooklyn. The reader, in the illustrations, will be deighted with the views of hats of the vintage f 1880.

RARE—Casanova, History of Flagellation, McIl Planders, Apuleius' Golden Ass. PRATT, 161 6th av

Again a volume from the indefatigable Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites. This time it s "The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky," which forms Vol. 18 of "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846" (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland). This has an unusual interestas a story, for Pattie, whose grandfather and father had advanced, ahead of the frontier, from Virginia to Kentucky and thence to Missouri, pushed his way among the first to New Mexico and the Pacific. It is a tale of years of adventure in the wilds among Indians and greasers, grizzlies and beaver, in the real pioneer days, and of brutal imprisonment among the Spaniards of California.

The enterprising preparations of periodievents of the war between Russia and Japan leserved better fortune than the necessities of war allowed. A great mass of pictures, mostly of large size, that have appeared in Collier's Weekly, is assembled in "A Photographic Record of the Russo-Japanese War, edited by James H. Ware (P. F. Collier & Son). A short descriptive account is given, including Capt, Mahan's view of the Tsushima fight, but the chief interest is the collection of photographs of war incidents

A very useful publication, "The Naval Pocketbook," edited by Sir W. Laird Clowes (W. Thacker & Co., London), appears in its tenth year for 1905. It contains in small compass full descriptions of all war vessels, with a mass of information about naval matters and naval preparations of all countries. It is brought up to June 9 of this year and thus includes the Russian losses in the Sea of Japan. The editor, who died a few days ago, was able to see this volume completed.

Books Received.

"Our Philippine Problem." Henry Parker Willis, (Henry Holt & Co.) "Elyslan Fields and Other Stuff." Almont Barnes. (Hamilton Adams, Washington)

"For Each Day a Prayer." Elisabeth Hamill avis. (Dodge Publishing Company, New York). 'A Modern Mystle's Way." (E. P. Dutton & Co.) "The Principles of Heredity, With Some Applica-ons." G. Archdall Reid. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"The Bontoe Igorot." Albert Ernest Jenks. (Bureau of Public Printing, Manila.)
"Claims and Counterclaims." Maud Wilder Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) 'American Insects." Vernon L. Kellogg. (Henry "The Secret Passage." Fergus Hume. (G. W.

Dillingham Company.)

"Representing John Marshall & Co." Earl
Underwood. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

"Russia From Within." Alexander Ular. (Henry "Real Boys." Henry A. Shute. (G. W. Dillingham Company.) "Rhetoric in Practise." Alfonso G. Newcomer and Samuel S. Seward, Jr. (Henry Holt & Co.) "The Greater Waterloo." Robert Richardson.

(G. W. Dillingham Company.) "Get Next." Hugh McHugh. (G. W. Dillingham Company). nam Company).

"A Book of Verses for Children." Edward
Verrall Lucas. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"French-English Dictionary." J. E. Wessely,

PUBLICATIONS.



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Thomas W. Lawson, in his instalment of "Frenzied Finance," pictures James R. Keene stealing into the "Standard Oil citadel" and making off with one of the "System's" most intimate servitors. He describes the explosion in the Third Avenue Railroad, the European exile of the great manipulator, and how he boosted Amalgamated above par as the price of forgiveness from "Standard Oil."

The Beef Trust's attempt by means of disguised advertisements in newspapers to nullify the effect on the public mind of Mr. Russell's charges is plainly set forth. Vance Thompson's striking account of Industrial Co-operation in the city of Ghent is a really great

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revised by Edward Latham. (George Routledge & Sons: E. P. Dutton & Co.) "Schiller's Poems." Edited by John Scholte Nollen. (Henry Holt & Co.).
"Le Livre de Mon Ami." Anatole France, edited by O. G. Guerlac. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"Waterloo." Erckmann-Chatrian, edited by Victor E. François. (Henry Holt & Co.)
"The Life of King Henry V." W. Shakespeare, "Le Livre de Mon Ami." Anatole France, edited y W. H. Hudson. (Henry Holt & Co.)
y O. G. Guerlac. (Henry Holt & Co.)
"Robert Helmont." Alphonse Daudet, edited by (George D. Smith, New York.)

PUBLICATIONS.

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